



In Flanders Fields by Usiel21

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Romance, Suspense

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Pairings: Mike W./Eleven/Jane H.

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-02-25 17:11:04

Updated: 2018-02-25 17:11:04

Packaged: 2019-12-17 00:50:31

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,091

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It was supposed to be "The War to End All Wars" It ended nothing. In a World at War Mike fights on the western front fighting to return home to El as the two long to be with each other again but Mike is forced to confront the harsh and emotionally shattering realities of War. World War I AU. Mileven.

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow

Between the crosses, row on row,

That mark our place; and in the sky

The larks, still bravely singing, fly

Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago

We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,

Loved and were loved, and now we lie

In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:

To you from failing hands we throw

The torch; be yours to hold it high.

If ye break faith with us who die

We shall not sleep, though poppies grow

In Flanders fields.

by John McCrae, May 1915

**War is organised murder and nothing else - Harry Patch, The last
World War I Veteran - Died 2009**

August 8th 1918 - Hundred Days Offensive.

World War I

Frontlines of the Western Allies.

Rain was coming down hard and fast, small droplets drizzled from the sky until there was a sudden downpour of water mixed with the impact sounds of bullets that would pierce and embed themselves into sandbags or the rapidly turning sludge like mud of No-Man's Land.

Mike Wheeler was sat within his trench on the front lines, the occasional sound of gunfire rang out as the Allies and the Germans were taking pot-shots at the other. In all honesty Mike was surprised to find that the war on the western front was not as chaotic as he first thought. In fact most of the time was spent keeping his head ducked as the occasional bullet whizzed by as well as the impact from artillery.

His rifle was cradled up to his chest, he still jumped at the occasional explosion. It was unavoidable. Mike was eighteen and had only been recently drafted in this War to End All Wars. But in twenty one years on the onset of World War II the world would realize that it had ended nothing.

So far the greatest enemy that Mike had faced was not the Germans it was the nail biting cold, rain and the rats that were feasting upon the corpses in No-Man's Land. Mike had a pencil in hand and was writing a letter to his girl that was at home back in the states. Across the ocean, separated by over a million galleons of water and miles of endless Sea as far as the eye could see.

He looked to the only picture he had of El.

And he held it carefully so it was out of the rain. His eyes carefully tried to memorize every detail of her delicate features but it was of no-use the grimy dull colours of trench warfare dulled his memory of her because his brain was sharpened and conditioned for Warfare of the toughest level. Shell After Shell. Bullet After Bullet.

It was starting to strip him of his humanity, stripping away all the colour and love until there was nothing left but the shell of the man that he was meant to have become.

His fingers slowly touched El's frame tenderly, his face was grimy from the muddy trench conditions from having to dive into the

trench as the occasional mortar shell would land a bit too close for comfort. Sometimes there would be ear piercing screams someone was struck by the shell or it's shrapnel, tearing into flesh, muscle and bone.

Mike had to witness many a men be carried off on dirty stretchers where a limb would be missing or even several. Carried off screaming for their mothers or simply just screaming. The eyes of the stretcher carriers were nearly devoid of anything Human as they had to cart off so many so many times. The horror of the war taking it's toll.

A war that was turning boys into men but made them cold and calculating.

The War dulled everything that made Men compassionate and loving, The War started to turn good men cruel and bitter. Mike's only saving grace was the reminder of what was waiting for him back in the states. El, the girl that he had been in love with since he was twelve years old. She was his salvation, away from War, away from the endless and pointless slaughter. Away from the bloodied fields of Europe.

Mike had taken part in defence against German assaults on their lines. Squeezing the trigger on his rifle and letting a round fly towards a nameless foe, watching him drop. His dreams, his hopes and everything that made him who he was gone in an instant. Like a candle being extinguished.

But he had to watch the fear in men's eyes as they were waiting to be sent over the top into the midst of machine gun fire and explosions. Mike could only watch as Solider after Solider was sent above into Hell, it was ironic because Hell was meant to be below not above in the sunlight.

They may have been Men but they were killed like boys.

Mike looked at the picture once more and felt his resolve harden.

He was going to survive this War in every aspect.

Body, Mind and Spirit.

He tucked the picture carefully into his breast pocket as a British Officer came barrelling down the trench. Mike watched wordlessly as the officer started to brief them on what Mike considered to be effectively a suicide mission.

He Would Survive. He Promised Her and Mike Wheeler did not break his promises.

The Officer paced back and forth. His British accent thick and his voice chiselled by the years of Military service.

"...Tank's will go first to clear a path through the barbed wire. Stick close to them. Keep your heads low. You will ascend above on the first whistle. This is the turning point men, fight for everything you hold dear because you can be sure the Fritz will be doing just that" The Officer finished, Mike shuffled forward around his fellow countrymen and allies. Brits and their Empire, French, and fellow Americans. Mike looked above to see planes flying overhead, the thunderous sound of anti-air flak rumbled through the air. Mike stood at the back line, Mike knew that the adjacent trenches were filled with other's just like him. Waiting to die.

"CO-ORDINATES 275311!" The Artillerymen immediately carried shells to and fro, loading cannons and letting the thunder of man rain upon their enemies in a deadly barrage of shrapnel

A voice of another British Officer cried out from behind him further back. His voice crisp and clean. And above all commanding.

"Move Forward!" he shouted above the sound of gunfire and flak. Planes roared overhead, all manner of fighters and bombers.

There was a sudden groan and clanking of tracks as Mark V Tanks clambered across the Trenches as they thundered into No Man's Land leaving behind them a cloud of dust and dirt. Their guns leaving behind trails of white smoke as they sent their dug in foes howling into the abyss.

"FIX BAYONETS!"

Mike fixed the bayonet to the end of his rifle as did everyone around

him. Hands shook in fear as they shakily fixed their bayonets, Mike held his breath and waited the few terror inducing seconds for the inevitable. But in all that only a single thought ran through his mind.

I promise you El. I will come back.

The shrill pierce of the officers whistle echoed through the trenches and with a cry of fear and bravery the soldiers began to clamber out of the trenches following in the wake of the Tanks that proceeded them. Mike strapped on his helmet and took a deep breath before scaling the ladders to the unforgiving harshness of the World that was at War.

His breath quickened as bullets zipped by as the Germans desperately tried to repel the overwhelming firepower and numbers of the Allies.

Even with every advantage that they had come to gain was being mercilessly stripped to pieces as bullets tore into Soldiers left, right and centre. There was no honour, there was no heroic acts of bravery, no daring charges.

Just young men sent to die in a War of old men and dated views.

He led in the crater for a brief moment gaining his breath after his near miss. He looked to left to see lifeless eyes starring back at him as blood poured from the top of the soldiers head where a bullet hole was clearly visible, Mike gulped as he fought down the sickness that was itching it's way up his throat. He looked to his right to see a boy's shirt ripped open, blood pouring from various wounds as shrapnel had inched itself inside the boy's skin.

A British Tommy.

The Boy held out his hand silently towards Mike, Mike fought back tears as he reached out his own and grasped the boy's blood covered hand in a grip of comrades as the life seeped from within him. The boy could not have been older than fifteen. His eyes were silently pleading with Mike. Pleading to be saved not from his wounds but from his suffering. He was pleading to die.

"Shoot...me..." He managed to gasp out through a mouthful of his

own blood. Mike numbly nodded his head and drew out his handgun. He levelled the handgun to the boy's head but pulled it back as the boy breathed his last, his eyes empty staring up at the sky.

It would be something that haunted Mike to his dying day.

Mike let the hand fall from his numbly as his fingers reached to the boy's eyes to close them but Mike could no longer hold back the bile in his stomach and vomited it's contents upon the floor. Tears stinging his eyes.

But there in the harsh dirt of the crater stood a poppy. Defiant and proud as it stood in the fields of War. Mike looked at the flower sadly, being barely able to remember what beauty looked like.

He could feel a shift in the air and Mike felt the hairs stand up on end. He looked at the poppy before him and felt his resolve solidify, he stood up and took several steady breaths. His eyes closed as he basked in what he came to know as a presence, a familiar one at that. He re-holstered his M1911 handgun before he made a mad dash from the crater and back into the fray of War.

A Poppy that would become the symbol of Remembrance.

Mike would return home, war weary, a hardened gaze and heavy hearted.

El would help heal him over several years. Slowly she would bring back the Mike that she had fallen in love with. With care, patience and love they would move forward together from the dark shadow on his heart.

Soon it would become known as "The War to end all Wars" but it would end nothing.

As twenty one years later the German War Machine would roll across the map of Europe. Country after Country would fall to Nazi tyranny. Until one Island would stand up and say "We Shall Never Surrender"

And they would Fight.

XxXxXxX

In the blackness of a voidless space stood a girl of eighteen years of age. She was beautiful, with deep brown eyes and pale complexion, she smiled sadly as the boy that was the focus of her thoughts took a picture of her from his breast pocket to examine it.

How badly she wanted to reach out to him, to touch him, to kiss him, to embrace him but it was not possible within the void of blackness. She could not touch, he was just an image. So she just sat in the void and watched and waited for the day that he would return to her.

But even so. She whispered his name with a forlorn expression. His name etched upon her lips.

"Mike..."

(A/N) I have been wanting to do a World War I one-shot for awhile ever since I did "Of Reich, Regret and Redemption" World War is quickly becoming an obscure War and that saddens me.

It will be 100 years since World War I ended in November...

I am so sorry I have not been actively posting chapters or stories, I kinda fell behind with things and I apologize to everyone who has been patiently waiting for updates or posts.

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!